WHEN YOU AND I WERE KIDS

BY
HARRY L. MARRINER
(NEWS STAFF POET)

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POEM
No 7411

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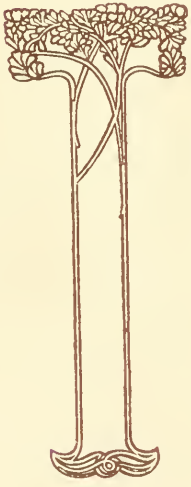

DALLAS, TEXAS
The Western Press
1911

PS3525
.A9W4
1911

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PUBLISHED OCTOBER, 1911

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WILKINSON PRINTING CO.
1323 COMMERCE ST.
DALLAS, TEXAS

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N presenting this little book, "When You and I Were Kids," the author does so with full knowledge, that, however people may criticise the quality of the verse, they can not accuse him of drawing upon his imagination for subjects. He was a boy once upon a time, and he wishes he were again.

He has reached that point in life where he does not want the million dollars he wanted as a kid, and would be content now to have what he then despised.

The saddest part of it is that he's about as close to the one as to the other, and every day seems to take him further away from both goals. Lots of people feel just as he does, and to these, this little book is sympathetically dedicated.

BEECHES old and gray with age in vivid green are clad,
And all about the signs of spring are blooming bright and glad,
Just as it was long years ago, when you and I, care free,
Spent hours, Dear, at carving our initials on a tree.

The bark was smooth and silver-gray, and noises filled the air,
For squirrels saw no reason why we two should linger there;
But nothing ever took too long—what cared we for the hours,
When life was one sweet strain of song, one paradise of flowers?

I drew a heart of noble size and carved within its space
The letters of your name and mine, cut deep to stay always,
And then next day I went alone, and no one knew the thrill
With which I took my dull old knife and carved them deeper still.

The years have come and passed away, our lives have grown apart,
But those initials, now grown deep, stand in that ragged heart;
But deep as they lie in the tree, grown firm in every line,
The letters graven in that heart are deeper still in mine.

NO WE don't want Cinderella—that's so old and tiresome, too;
An' we don't want Mister Rabbit—Mother, tell us somethin' new;
Tell about th' purple fairies an' their butterflies, you know,
And about th' fairy garden where th' tiger lilies grow—.
MOTHER! · You are just a-jokin'. Why, you know it—yes, you do.
Don't you' member when you told us, an' said all of it was true?

So before her watchful critics Mother sits with busy brain,
Trying to recall the features of that "made-up" tale again,
Treading as upon a tight-rope in each cautious step she takes,
Fearful of corrective clamor if she ever makes mistakes.

Bless their hearts, they knew it better than their Mother does, and yet
They must have her tell it over, even if she does forget,
For amusement of all manner by comparison must fail
When considered by the babies with a Mother's fairy tale.

FROM Memory's shrouded valleys, brought to light by some stray thought,
Comes a half-forgotten prayer that your childish lips were taught.
And through years between, divided by a vista fair and wide,
You can see, as through a crystal, through the gloom on either side.

* * * * * * *

You were kneeling by your mother, at her well-remembered chair;
Little forms in nighties kneeling; little toes so pink and bare
Pressed against the worn rag carpet, and for furrowed ridges felt
Even while your thoughts were solemn, as you clasped your hands and knelt.

You could see her face above you, calm with mother love, and sweet,
As she said the little prayer you would, word by word, repeat,
Then you'd wait to have her kiss you on your bowed and towsled hair,
And you'd leap, elate, triumphant, from your kneeling by her chair.

* * * * * * * * * *

Then the dark years roll together, closing fast the vista bright,
Leaving you to wish your prayer might be just as then, to-night.

AT RECESS they thronged about
him, begging him to let them
know
Why it was, and how it happened,
that a rag was on his toe—
"Take it off and let us see it,"
eager voices made request,
But the pride of one exalted by a
wound had filled his breast.

"Aw, now, Jimmie, lemme see it;" "Huh, he's
jest as mean as dirt."
"Did you stump your toe or cut it?" "Did it bleed
much?" "Does it hurt?"
"Let him be, he's just pretendin'—make believe
he hurt his toe—"
"Jimmy, how'd you come to hurt it?" "Smarty,
don't you want to know?"

But when they were having spelling, Jimmie from
his throne unbent,
Toward a flower-faced little maiden, bursting with
his love he leant—
"If you lemme walk home with you," came his
eager whisper low,
"Cross m' heart an' body, Susy, I will let you see
my toe."

"I WISH I had a dollar bill," he said, and heaved a sigh;
"Downtown I saw in Johnson's store a purple bat-wing tie;
It's just the tie I'd like to have, and some day soon I will;
I'll have to wait for pay day, though; it costs a dollar bill.

"I wish I had a dollar bill," she said, and gave a sigh;
"For if I had, while sales are on such bargains I could buy!
I'd get some New Mown Hay perfume, and half a pound of tea—
And maybe draw a check that gives an automobile free.
I'd get a pair of rubber gloves; some handkerchiefs and lace;
Some toweling at thirteen cents I saw at Bixby's place;
Some cotton goods—the sale is on. Now isn't it too hard?
They're selling it like anything at just four cents a yard!

"I want a set of banjo strings, and need a baking pan.
They're selling talcum powder, too, at seven cents a can;
And lots of other things I'd buy—it's so hard to sit still
And think what I am missing when I need a dollar bill."

IS gone, our dear old Mammy—
loving, loyal, fierce and kind;
Black of face and broad of bosom; leaving us all sad, behind.
We had known her first as babies
—loved her through succeeding years,
And we see her homely features dimly through a mist of tears.
Listen—can't you hear her singing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul!"
Can't you hear her tell a story of "de house built outeh gol'?"
Can't you see your bare feet flying from her kitchen where you'd go
Never knowing how she'd take it, asking for her scraps of dough?

Maybe, dear old Mammy's happy; surely God must know her worth;
And it took so very little to complete her joy on earth;
And some day we'll hear her crying when we're called to our last home—
"Praise de Lawd, de bressed Jesus! Glory, heah's mah chillun cum!"

COUSIN JIM, he lived out
West, he wore a cowboy suit;
His pants was leather, and Sis
says he sure was awful cute;
He used to milk an' feed th' cows
—I guess he did it, or
He hired somebody, for you see,
what else is cowboys for?

So when he come to call on Sis
we looked in there at him,
And don't you know it made us
sick to look at Cousin Jim?
He looked just like all other men,
an'awful clean an' tame.
Doggone him. He's no good, he ain't. Ain't it a
burnin' shame?

He didn't have no leather pants, an' out there in
th' hall
We found his hat—a derby hat that wasn't big at
all.
His hair was short instead of long, an' worst of all
he done,
He come in patent leather shoes an' didn't tote his
gun.

Oh, shucks! We wouldn't walk acrost th' street to
look at him.
'An' we'd had all th' boys to see our Wild West
Cousin Jim.

DO YOU remember, dear, the time
we went out on the bay
And gayly launched our motor
boat to cruise about all day?
The engine popped and yapped
and wheezed for fully half a
mile,
And then decided it was tired and
ought to rest a while?

We lay becalmed out in the bay,
beneath the broiling sun;
And folks ashore no doubt sur-
mised that we were having fun;
While I, armed with a monkey
wrench, and black with reeking
oil,
Put in the day at earnest work,
at painful, greasy toil.

You were afraid it would explode, or catch afire and
burn,
And so you hung your frame far out, and overhung
the stern,
And asked me eighty times an hour what you al-
ready knew—
If it was broken, and what time I'd probably get
through.

We came back towed behind a skiff rowed by a
freckled boy,
Who made signs to all passing craft suggesting utter
joy;
We didn't speak a word I'm sure, but you, no doubt,
took note
I didn't throw the anchor out to hold that motor
boat.

Whenever MAMMY baked, we children knew that from her kingdom hot

Such things as children long to get would soon fall to our lot;
But, bless your heart, the fear of her would fill your soul with dread,
Until you weighed what she would say, and what she meant instead.

(*Git outeh mah kitchen! Cum clutterin' erbout w'en I'se bakin'. Go out doahs dah, wheah yuh b'long, an' don' yuh cum trapesin' eroun' me w'en I'se bizzy!*)

She'd hum a sad, sonorous hymn; with watchful, longing eyes,
We stood outside and, looking in, would see her trimming pies;
And doughy remnants from her knife in soggy spirals curled—
The finest thing to make dough men—the finest in the world!

(*Whut yuh lookin' at? G'way outeh mah light! Dough men? Umph! A'in' I got nuffin t'do but bake thingamajiggehs?*)

And when our hope had 'most expired beneath her awful frown,
She'd jerk a pan out of the stove—oh, dough men, fat and brown!
We knew she'd do it, all the time, no matter what she'd say,
And we could only watch and wait—for that was Mammy's way.

(*Umph! Now I hope you dun bodderin' de raisin eyes—dat's foh de baby. G'way f'um me. Get outeh heah! Doan' yuh eat dat'n wif yeah!*)

IN THE barn we had the circus; twenty pins to see the show;
Pretty stiff the price was, maybe, but the boys all had to go;
And the Forepaughs were not in it, Barnum's show was pretty bad,
Sells' was just a side attraction when compared with what we had.

In a coop of poultry netting seven tomcats paced around,
They were tigers—all man-eaters, fiercest beasts above the ground,
And the calf looked quite ferocious painted up a glaring blue,
While Aunt Molly's globe of goldfish was a great exhibit, too.

We had borrowed goats and wagons—went and got them any place;
We had four, all of them entered in the famous Roman race;
And I was the tight-rope walker; with a thrill I still recall
How I kissed my hand and balanced on the boarding of a stall.

But it didn't last, that circus; what is best soon fades away;
This one faded when our father came to throw the mule some hay;
For he scoffed and called it foolish, waste of time and money, too;
Then his gaze fell on that heifer painted in its ghastly blue;
And it swiftly queered the circus, and for many a weary day
We ate standing at the mantel—we preferred our meals that way.

WHEN

MISTER Thompson used to
come to see Aunt Cora Belle.
We children knew it sure next
day—we had a way to tell;
We wouldn't ever let her know
the way we always knew,
And it would make her mad as
hops because our guess came
true.

They'd send us early up to bed, and think we
couldn't know,
But every blessed time he'd come we knew, and
told her so;
For in the morning we would find our sign out
on the lawn—
The funny way they left the chairs when both of
them was gone;
And there they'd be just like we thought, set in
the same old place,
Just jammed up close as they could get, and sittin'
face to face.

THINGS have changed, dear little girl, in scarce a dozen years!
You were a solemn little mite, with curls about your ears,
And maybe you recall it, too, whenever I would call
With candy for your sister, Jane, you ate it nearly all.

That foot—observe it—was your horse, and you would gaily ride
Without (oh, shame!) divided skirts, though you would sit astride;
The horse would gallop, trot or rack, whichever you preferred,
And though you kicked to make him go, he never said a word.

It's funny how things change about. You're eighteen now, perhaps,
And I am—well, I hold my age, no doubt, like other chaps;
You're sitting in your sister's chair—just like your sister, too;
And no small fairy comes to eat your candy up for you.

She's married now. What was his name? I ought to know it, yet
It seems so very long ago—so long that I forget.
Have I forgotten? Yes, I have. What idiots we were!
I only think of her because you make me think of her.

DONT

YOU remember 'way back there
— it seems almost another life—
How bad you felt when you would lose your sure-'nuff-buckhorn-handle knife?
And how you'd grieve and grieve for it, and think how good and sharp it was;
With four blades, too, one "Congress shape," that was so sharp it whittled straws?

It used to come, then like a flash—of course you'd find that knife, and—spat!
You went and looked. Of course it did! It led you where your knife was at!
They tell you now that isn't so—nobody found a knife that way,
But boys all know that it is sure, no matter what some people say,
For if you went just where it told, you found out where that knife was hid.
It might be luck, but don't tell boys—the boys who tried and know it DID.

YOU never weary, Mother? Do your busy hands
Ever cease from loving labor at your child's commands?
There's a stocking needing darning—here's a broken toy;
Here's a heap of trash, a relic of some transient joy.
See the bookcase yawning empty where were books before,
For the shelves seemed just exactly made for playing store.

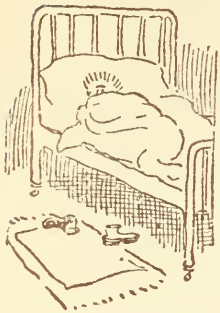
Bumps and scratches need attention forty times a day—
Mother has to kiss and heal them, driving pain away,
And at night, when on the pillows golden curls are spread,
When the Sand Man waves his sifter over each small head,
Mother kneels there by their bedside, praying that next day
May be filled with just such labors while her babies play.

DOTH the mind of man go back
to when he was a boy;
When feet were full of tan and
dust, and life was full of joy;
But many a man looks back in
fear, for in a time-worn chair,
He sees himself draped in a sheet,
while Mother cuts his hair.

The scissors drag, and sniffles rise
when ears lop in the way,
And on the porch rain locks of
hair like tufts of prairie hay,
'Til in the glass a little boy, his anguish scarcely
hid,
Looks on himself and views with pain the job
that Mother did.

The mule may shed in summertime the felt that
Nature grew,
The rabbit may lose bits of fur, and look like blazes,
too;
But neither bears that patchwork look, that war
map of despair,
That zigags on the small boy's head when Mother
cuts his hair.

Did YOU ever hide under the cover
and listen and listen at night,
In fear there'd be ghosts come to
get you—great, scary ghosts
dressed all in white?



Then you'd shiver, and over and
over you'd make up your mind
to be good,
And then you would call out for
Mother—just call her as loud
as you could.

She always would come when you called her, and
knelt by you, smoothing your hair,
No ghost ever bothered a baby whenever its mother
was there—
She'd promise that nothing should hurt you, and
leave you asleep and at peace,
And banish all ghosts in creation before she would
rise from her knees.

We've ghosts of a kind ever with us, while Mothers
cannot always stay,
They come from our deeds and our doubtings, these
hideous phantoms of gray—
Yet often just thinking of Mother will easily drive
them away.

CAREFUL—don't breathe on
it! Watch it—" It soars
with a bound and a roll,
That wonder you made, green
and golden, form soapsuds
that seethed in a bowl.
Look back there—you feel it
still, don't you? That spat-
ter of mist, bitter-cool,
That flew in your face, half-
expected, because you had
laughed through the spool?

You breathed through that spool and it started, a
bubble unsightly and young;
A grayish-white globule of water; beneath it a
heavy drop swung,
But this you removed with your finger; 'twould
drop at a touch, as you knew,
And gently you blew in your bubble, increasing its
size as you blew,

The crimson waves circled within it—the gold and
the purple and green;
It grew to a size that amazed you; the biggest you
ever had seen;
Its colors ran riot and mingled until you were al-
most afraid
To think of your wondrous creation—that shim-
mering glory you'd made.

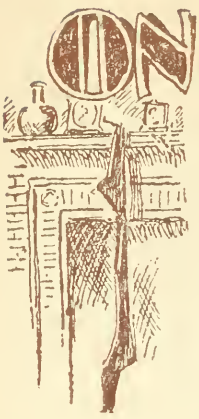
Then there was a mist—it had broken! The soap-
dripping spool in your hand
Was just as it was at the moment your bubble was
wondrous and grand,
And you, child, were sad, never knowing that
though you were grieved in your play,
You'd, later, find hopes were all bubbles—and bub-
bles are always that way.

MA, kin I go in swimmin'? Out there's Mac an' Tom an' Jim.
No, ma'am, not a bit of danger—why, Ma, Tom kin almost swim!
It ain't deep; it's awful shaller—just about a foot or so;
Ma, they're waitin' out there for me—I'll be keerful—can't I go?

WHOOP! Whoo-o-o-o-e-e! I'm goin', fellers! Run like there was wolves behind!
Ma, she's standin' there a-watchin—hurry; she might change her mind!
Last one in's a sissy, fellers! There's the place by that old tree;
Tom, he's last; A-a-a-a-ah! Sissy! Sissy! Come on in—just look at me!"

PA and Major Miggles sets to play a game of chess
You ought to see the fun they have—they set there hours, I guess,
And never say a single word, but maybe Pa, he'll grin,
And Major Miggles coughs a bit and growls and rubs his chin
Until a thought soaks in his head and tickles him to death,
So that he chuckles as he moves a knight, and holds his breath.

Then Pa, he'll scowl and bite his nails, and fiddle with his men;
He'll shove one out a little ways and jerk it back again;
And then he'll cackle like a hen, and Major he'll look mean,
For Pa, he'd moved, and up and took a castle with his queen.
They keep it up for hours and hours; just settin' thinkin' there,
And you can watch until you get to sleepin' in your chair,
But if you wake you'll see 'em still play in the same old groove—
Just thinkin', scowlin', bitin' nails and waitin' for their move.



CHRISTMAS Eve we used to wish
that Ma was like old Mrs. Bounds,
For she was awful nice an' fat an'
weighed almost a million pounds,
An' when we'd hang Ma's stockin's
up that night they looked so awful thin
It seemed a shame that Santa Claus
could get so very little in.

Some people's Mas is big an' fat,
but ours she don't get fat at
all,
An' Christmas Eve when we would hang her
stockin' up against th' wall
We'd sigh because of how they looked—so awful
thin an' limp an' flat.
An' wish we'd tried a year ago to feed Ma up an'
make her fat.

Our UNCLE WILL he's got toothache; he's sick in bed to-day.
He must feel bad, for all of us is puttin' in th' hay.
An' you kin have all kinds o' fun when hay is dry and brown,
A-climbin' 'way up on th' stacks, an' then come slidin' down.

He feels so bad he jest can't sleep—we peeked into his room,
An' he was cleanin' out his pipe with straws out of th' broom,
An' had had some nasty medicine he drunk down just as slow,
An' took some water afterward, because it burnt him so.
He kep' th' bottle in his coat, an' every now an' then
He'd look eroun' an' take it out an' drink some more again;
It's awful hard on Uncle Will to be shet up all day
While all of us is havin' fun a-puttin' in the hay.

Older

SISTERS are a nuisance every
junior brother knows.
Sisters should not be permitted to
insult him as he grows.
Often she is something dreadful—
hurts him ever way she can,
Just because he's put on trousers
and by that become a man.

When he's with the girls, she tells him, triumph
ringing in her voice,
He had better go and study—home's the place for
little boys;
And if he appears on Tuesday in his Sunday rai-
ment dressed,
She must know where he is going—well, all broth-
ers know the rest.

How his bosom swells with anger; how with cold
and chilling air
He ignores her foolish question; turns and leaves
her standing there;
Stalking off, a manly figure—but the victory falls
flat,
For behind he hears her laughing—LAUGHING
at him, think of THAT!

GRANDPA was a enjine horse—
he was, you know, when he was
young;
He'd sleep with all his day clothes
on, because whenever fire bells
rung
He'd have to slide off of th' roof,
an' shinny down th' water spout
To get there quick as he could go for fear the fire
would be plumb out.

Th' other boys were horses, too, an' wore th' red-
dest kind o' shirts,
An' dragged a little enjine 'round—th' kind that
when you pump it squirts;
An' they'd have races to th' fire, so when a man
got in th' way
They'd leave him spread out like a mat—just like
a auto does to-day.

I'd like to be a enjine horse, like grandpa was in
them old days;
It's just my luck to be born late—I get the worst
of things always;

Th' enjines go past every day, an' long red hook-
an'ladders, too,
With horses gallopin' away, an' firemen stickin' on
like glue,
An' there I'll be, just lookin' on—an' sometimes
run a little bit,
But we don't ever have a fire that ain't too far to
go to it.

WAS Grandma's horsehair sofa; it was black but now it's brown;
Half the springs stick out the bottom from our jumpin' up an' down:
An' it's got a hill at one end, but it ain't much good to slide,
For it's full of little stickers, an' they hurt, for we have tried

At both ends is sunk-in places where two people used to sit;
One was Grandma's an' the other—Grandpa wore the hole in it
When he used to come to see her; that's the way they used to do,
Sittin' way off there an' grinnin', when one place would do for two.

Grandpa, he was mighty bashful; Gran'ma says he often sat
Gettin' redder every hour, lookin' this-a-way and that;
Stretchin' out his neck an' chokin', without ever sayin' "Boo;"
So if I'd been her that sofa would a-been sawed square in two.

MOONLIGHT'S pale and silvery gleams through tangled pine-boughs strayed.
And fell upon a rustic bench where sat a man and maid;
He gazed into her starry eyes, in which the moonbeams shone,
And longed to tell her what he thought, and call her all his own.

So much, indeed, that as she sighed, he nerved himself to say—
"That moon looks awful nice to-night; it felt like rain to-day;"
And, bolder, through her gentle smile, his blood arose like sap,
And made him long to take her hand left idle in her lap.

He did! He dared! He took her hand, while madness filled his brain,
And then, for panic seized his soul, he put it back again;
Whereat the maiden rose with speed; it seemed a shock to her,
And in a voice low, but intense, ejaculated: "Sir-r-r-r-r!!!!"
And left him lonely on the bench beneath the moonlight cold,
Reflecting on the liars that urged a lover to be bold!

SAT upon the silver sands, quite near and close, and holding hands;
The moonlight flooding o'er the bay made everything as light as day.
He gazed into her eyes and said, "Just see the calm moon overhead;"
"It looks like pie," the maid replied, and nestled closer at his side.

"I wish," said he, "that we might cruise—" she emptied sand out of her shoes,
"Out on the ocean cold and deep, where restless waters never sleep—"
"I've heard," she said, "that salted beef will give a sea-sick one relief;
If you and I should ever go, we'd have to take a can or so."

"Oh, loving heart," the man replied; she nestled closer at his side;
"We'd leave behind all grief and care, and be as free birds of the air—'
"Do you like oytsers raw or fried?" she asked, and snuggled at his side.

The moon with wonder-stricken face saw that the two had changed their place;
A twelve-foot furrow, four feet wide, showed where she'd nestled at his side,
For as they sat there hand in hand, she'd nestled him along the sand;
But love so does the mind enthrall that neither noticed it at all.

She SAT in the shadow and watched them; her satin-shod foot tapped the floor;

And past her the dancers skimmed blithely, nor knew that a woman's heart, sore,
Was longing, yet proudly rebellious, that some one, by some happy chance
Would seek her out where she was hidden by palms, and would ask her to dance.

Her dress, once a joy, was forgotten, for no one would care, after all;
Who knows what the hurt that is hidden by flowers that bloom on the wall?

"Oh, here you are! May I?" She, smiling, considers the card in her hand;
Oh, feminine soul, in thy workings are mysteries wondrous and grand!
"I'm sorry;" her voice is regretful; "I've promised—" she smiles. "But you know
I hate so to waste this good music—he should have been here long ago."

THE messenger is not to blame for
being marvelously slow,
The weight of worlds is on his head,
and circumstances make him so;
His labors keep him out at night and
show him sights outside the law
That age his brain, although he hold
an all-day-sucker in his jaw.

He loves the name of Buckskin Bill, and if he could
would tote a gun,
Yet give him even half a show and playing marbles
is his fun;
He tries to chew, and early learns to smoke the
deadly cigarette,
Yet he is chubby, round and young—in fact, almost
a baby yet.

So do not blame the little boy who brings your
telegram next day,
For as a man he has to work, and as a child he stops
to play;
And if he slowly saunters in, eight hours late and
smiling wide,
Don't swat him with the nearest club—look on his
candy-sucking side.

SOMETIMES when you're leisurely bathing, and all is enamel and tiles,
You look back to days of your childhood, and mistiness mingles with smiles
For nothing can make you forget it—no bath tub of glistening white—
The once-a-week torture you dreaded; that bath upon Saturday night.

They dragged a big tub in the kitchen; the biggest wash tub like as not,
And on the stove ever since supper stood water most terribly hot;
A boilerful, seething and steaming to urge you to sobs of distress,
While Mother stood firmly beside you, unshaken, to help you undress.

The soap was so yellow and bitter! It got in your eyes and your nose;
The water was hot as the mischief, and wails of the scalded arose
Until, red and shriveled, you stood there, and wondered because you had cried,
Because you felt glowing and dandy when you with coarse towels were dried.

The bath rooms to-day have their beauties—all nickel, enamel and glass—
But somehow, you look back with longing on years that we all must let pass,
And if you could only turn backward to infancy's roseate path,
How gladly you'd welcome that feature—that wash tub and hot-kitchen bath.

ONLY two cobs from the thousands
that Father has stored in his bins;
But now see the magic of childhood
—behold! They are babies, and
twins;
And mother must dress and undress
them, and tears of their grief
must assuage,
For babies need care every moment,
and Mother is six years of age.
Their faces are furrowed and fuzzy,
and dresses, loose-hanging, that
drape

The rugged outlines of their bodies, entirely concealing their shape
Are scraps of old goods, long discarded, and left scattered over the place,
But mothers of six years can change them to raiment of linens and lace.

We've lost all the God-given magic that let us make clay into gold;
We've drawn far away from the fancies the lives of all babies must hold,
And now we are sad in our losing the sweetness of life, now afar,
Because all our wisdom has taught us in seeing things just as they are.

THIS little pig went to market—" a rush of sweet memories comes
And you are again just a baby, and counting on fingers and thumbs,
While Mother must help with the counting, the pigs are so many and small,
You always miss one or the other and never remember them all.

"This little pig went to market,
This little pig stayed at home,
This little pig he had plenty to eat,
This little pig he had none,
This little piggy cried 'Wee-wee-wee'
All the way home."

And you stare with your eyes dim and misty, as near as a man comes to tears,
Into the pure days of your lifetimes most perfect and happiest years,
When life held no troubles or sorrows, and Mother —one now understands,
The sweetness of having a Mother to count little pigs on his hands.

BOYS are something like the ostrich
when it comes to what they eat,
Though they differ when the ostrich
balks on what a boy calls meat.
And if the records should be taken as
to which deserves the prize,
Probably the boy would take it, for
these ostriches are wise.

Let a boy start in the morning with his breakfast
food of bran
Sold in ornamental package through the guileless-
ness of man,
And he winds up in the evening, feeling well, but
hungry still,
Having taken in his system what would make the
ostrich ill.

Peanut crisps and hot tamales, dinner formed of
divers things,
Chili, hamburg steak and candy, formed like purple
leather strings,
Green tomatoes, cooking apples, milk and red and
yellow pop,
Liquorice and ice cream soda with some crushed
fruit on the top.

Buttermilk and watermelon, caramels and cherry
pie,
Lemonade and all-day-suckers, but he doesn't go
and die.
But instead, when on his bedside, to his brown and
naked feet
He remarks, "Oh, gee! I'm hungry—wish I had
some cake to eat."

THE porch you can see little figures race madly with laughter and scream;
"I spy Lilly Belle!" And the picture sinks you in the waves of a dream,
And you are again with the children, from sorrows and cares wholly free,
And peeping through fingers while counting one hundred and facing a tree.

(E-eny, meeny, miney, mo,
Crack-a-feeny, finey, fo,
Opanoocha, popatoocha,
Rick, bick, ban—jo. You're IT!)

One, two, three, four, five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, forty, sixty, eighty (No fair! No fair! ONE HUNDRED! Here I come ready'r'not. All eyes open!)

Now what is that bulge on the maple, and why should a bush be so black?
I spy—no it can't be—who is it? It's Edna, or Arthur or Jack!
A whoop, and a figures flies past you, "I'm free-e-e-e-e!" and another, with glee,
Tears out from the porch's gray shadows, and joyously thumps on the tree.

The game is as old as the ages; with you 'twas exactly the same,
And now you are grievously tempted, you have to admit, half in shame,
If you were a year or so younger, you'd go take a hand in that game.

WE GOT a new hand-painted churn Pa
bought on th' installment plan,
Because th' agent had red socks, an' was so pretty for a man;
An' all you got to do is push, an' read a book—like it was fun;
An' keep on pushin' that-a-way, an' readin' tel th' butter's done.

But sometimes when my arms is sore from pushin' on that blessed thing,
That cross betwixt a feedin' trough, a bucket and a swing,
I wisht it was a o'-time churn, so I could slosh it up and down,
An' have th' splashy buttermilk run out in puddles on th' groun',
An' lift th' lid sometimes t' see th' golden speckles in th' white,
That tells a feller when he churns the butter is a-comin' right.

But this! There ain't no way t' tell. Yuo churn until you nearly drop
An' nature puts you fast asleep, or else you simply have t' stop.
Don't want no churn you shove an' shove, an' read a book, an' turn an' turn;
I'd rather make th' buttermilk come squirting from a' old-time churn.

THE preacher came to dinner, don't
you recollect the way
People had of sending children out
at dinner time to play?
How you'd peep in through the
window and behold the goodly
spread,
Wishing — oh, you little sinner!—
that the preacher would drop
dead?

They had killed the fatted chicken, baked him cakes
and custard pies,
They had searched the fields and gardens, under-
ground and in the skies,
That they might have food a-plenty, and had fried
and boiled and baked,
And you stared in through the window, hungry,
'til you fairly ached.

You would watch his every mouthful, grudging
him each bite and sup,
Wishing, as you held your stomach, he would go
and hurry up;
And at last—oh, hours after!—everybody sighed
and rose,
And—well, what's the use of telling something
everybody knows?

THE LOT belonged to ol' man Smith,
and how he used to swear

When he come out and saw us
boys was playin' baseball there!
Because 'way back in years ago,
the thought stuck in his brain,
Somebody—maybe grandpa did,
oncest bust a window pane.

The diamond it was awful rough and full of holes
and bumps;
And comin' in from third to home you run around
the stumps,
And where the pitcher had to play was bricks and
cans and rocks,
So he would always stand to pitch off one side of
the box.

You ought to see us make home runs! The bat
was full of dents,
But nearly every ball you soaked would sail acrost
the fence:
So while a boy would make for home, the rest
would stand and stare,
For it was in the stable lot—and ol' man Smith
was there.

Then ol' man Smith would take our ball, and growl
at us and cuss,
And then he'd give a funny snort and pitch it back
to us:
Sometimes he'd scowl and make believe he'd keep
it after all,
But maybe he could play, hisself—the way he
throwed that ball!

GOBLINS are abroad this evening,
all about are eerie shapes,
Once a year their bondage ceases at
a time when silence drapes
All the earth, and in the moonlight
flit the forms of sheeted ghosts,
Every shadow of the night-time
holds weird, uncanny hosts.

Mortals braver than their fellows, quaking with the
chill of fear,
Seek, through calling ghostly knowledge, signs to
make the future clear—
And the gates are on the steeples, cows are painted
pink and green—
Surely it's the work of goblins celebrating Mallow-
e'en.

Apple parings now are priceless, cabbage stalks
and brimming bowls,
Looking glasses in the cellar tell their tale to anx-
ious souls,
Hearts that beat in fearful tremor so their owners
scarce can wait—
Yes, I know—but who in thunder carried off my
carriage gate?

WE GOT some kittens in our shed that
keeps their eyes shut tight;
Four of 'em's spotted like their ma,
and nine is black an' white,
An' six is black as ink, an' five is
white as they can be—
But ain't it queer they should be
gray? I mean th' other three.

Ma says we go got to drown' em all,
she don't like cats a bit;
They eat canary birds sometimes, an' always has
a fit,
But we'll let on they all was drowned—we'll wet
a sack to show,
An' some day she'll be awful glad when them nice
kittens grow.

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